



COLORADO'S WOMAN VOTERS.

How Their Franchise Came About and How They Will Be Likely to Use It.

Stump speakers can now say "Fellow citizens" in Colorado instead of "Ladies and gentlemen," for, as a Colorado woman writes to the Chicago Tribune: "We women of Colorado have equal suffrage, or equal suffrage has us, I haven't quite figured that which. The women who came out of the dust and smoke of battle with the light of victory on their faces say we have suffrage—and they ought to know, for they studied it all up beforehand and knew what it meant—and talk about primaries and polls with an easy familiarity that is awe inspiring. But as for the rest of us—well, we have lots to learn. Of course we expected to get the right to vote, but we find that carries a great many other rights that we thought the men would be good enough to attend to just as we wanted them to without leaving us any bother.

"It's all the other way. First of all, in the cities we have to register under the Australian ballot law, get under a measuring machine, have the color of our eyes determined and our weight noted, and otherwise contribute to the answering of 20 odd questions, among which is the prompt, point blank question, 'How old are you?' Distinguishing physical characteristics also go down in the book. One woman naively told the clerk she was a twin and has not recovered her good temper yet. I don't know what awful result will follow if a couple of thousand women are challenged a week or so before election by the political machines.

"The next thing is that if women do not take an interest in conventions and primaries and all that, you know, they will find their choice restricted to two or three men with whose selection they had nothing to do, and that does not seem right. We must join in the push, my husband says, while he chuckles away. Unless some of the dear sisters are called, just the same, the men will find out a thing or two. The very day after election, when it was certain we had won, the discovery was made that the wives of several politicians, one of them actually under an assumed name, were members of the suffrage association and had begun to swing it for their parties and incidentally, no doubt, their husbands. Several officers of clerkships under the new county officers were made, but to the honor of the women who did the campaign work not an offer was accepted, and the attempt at influencing was exposed at the next meeting. The association adopted a decisive resolute plank and took measures for the blackballing of political women. We're traveling on a high plane, I tell you. I don't know how it will work at the primaries, but it's lofty.

"Right after election the newspapers took a wicked delight in pointing out that since we had become voting citizens we were amenable to all the duties of citizens and voters and would have to do jury duty and militia duty and I don't know how many other kinds of duty. Then arose Attorney General Engley—a very Solomon—and dug into his books and found that, while the state constitution made no distinction of sex, various laws regarding jurors and the militia contain the word male, which lets us out of the work and leaves us all the fun. Anyway, I'm sure we'll get along very nicely, even at the primaries, though I'm certain the men won't think conventions are conventions at all if they can't smoke and fight and raise old Ned. They have always had a good deal more row in Denver at the convention than on election day, and a squad of deputy sheriffs usually sit on the bench of the elect.

"How did we carry the election? Well, I am blessed if I know that either whether we carried it at all or not. I'm honestly inclined to believe that the men gave us suffrage because they thought there was no good argument against it and that we ought to have it. The men of this part of the world are big, broad minded fellows, and bold, too, much of that old time western chivalry which made the lone woman the safest of all the creatures in a rough frontier town—the spirit which to this day makes the toughest old miner ready to fight at a moment's notice for a woman in distress. The great bulk of the vote against suffrage was cast by men who were not opposed to having women vote, but who do not feel that women should mingle in politics as politics has been. We say, and it is on our knowledge of the man that we base our saying, that politics in Colorado will hereafter be other than it has been, and we will be safe in politics as it will be. No Colorado assembly will tolerate ruffians who will insult women directly or indirectly. You will find the future showing that I know whereof I speak. The suffrage machinery during the campaign was not very powerful, and if the agitation really accomplished anything the valuable engine of its work was the press. There was only one newspaper man in the state who openly opposed suffrage. Some were a little lukewarm and many said nothing, but the large dailies, without exception, favored suffrage editorially."

ALL A MISTAKE.

Poor Tom Was Not Quite So Rashful as She Thought Him.

She is discovered leaning over a basket of deep red roses. "Poor Tom!" she begins. "He is the most uncertain man I ever knew. Why, it is almost one whole long year since I met him, and he has not proposed yet. Opportunities? Why, he has had plenty of them. Oh, he had just the grandest chance at Mrs. Brown's ball. We were in the conservatory for fully half an hour. I wore a perfect dream of a gown—he was perfectly calm and talked politics.

"Then, again, our rides before breakfast in the park. And in my riding habit I am really sublime. But he was dull and talked Wall street. When I think of the sun and my white suit, I confess I almost hate that man. No, not hate him. But he is timid, I do believe. Then all those games of tennis and two full months at Newport and he—horrible things—raved over nature's charms. Oh!—desperate!—she is so disgustingly distressing. I shall not give him another chance, and oh, Tom! dear old Tom! I would have accepted you!—sobbing—but fate has decided against us. You are lost to me forever. I shall never, never give you another chance. Hark! I hear him coming now."

She brings forth another basket of flowers and casts his roses aside. He enters the room a little hastily. She (indifferently)—Ah, Mr. Revere, is that you? I did not hear you come in.

"Yes, Miss Heartwell."

"Do come and look at these beautiful flowers Colonel White has sent me. He is such an adorable old gentleman, is he not? I, for one, rather prefer an aged man. They are so clever, social and captivating, and—laughing—"they make such ideal lovers. What exquisite taste the dear colonel does show!"

"Too gaudy for refined taste, I venture to say."

"I think, Mr. Revere, you have ventured too far"—leily.

"I shall venture still further and say I think it outrageous for that old man to run around with other women and his wife not do a year yet." She fumes.

He takes three turns around the room, then takes from his coat a bunch of violets.

"See, Miss Heartwell, what charming taste the charming little fellow, Mrs. Joy, has. I pleaded for a flower. These violets were her own choice."

"I detest violets. The odor is too heavy. I cannot remain in a room with them."

"You surely would not have me discard them?"—surprised.

"I would—madly. I tell you I detest them. I detest that Willow-Joy. She is a painted, made up, jealous woman."

"But, Revere!"

"Wildly—I tell you, Tom, I hate her, and if you are her friend you cannot be mine—and the perfume of those violets is making me faint—I feel!"

She leans back. He puts his arm around her for support.

"Very softly—"Bessie."

"Tom"—tenderly.

"Mrs. Joy does paint, Revere. I believe you. I rubbed some oil on the other evening."

"You must have been very close." She draws herself from him.

"I was, dear—we were dancing."

"Oh, Tom, dear old Tom!" He puts his arms around her. "And, Tom, I do think Colonel White has a very gaudy taste."

"Yes, dear."

"And, Tom, do throw those violets away. I am faint from their odor."

"I cannot, darling. I know they are your favorite flowers. This is the bunch you gave me last night."

"Kissing Noises—"Oh, Tom, you could ruin the dear, sweet, fragrant things!"

"I could, sweetheart, because—because—"

"Why, Tom?"

"Because I love you. Is it yes?"

"Softly—"Yes."

"Now, Tom, darling, you shall know the truth. Colonel White did not send me those flowers. Papa is ill, and his partner sent them to him."

"The dear, pretty flowers! What quite taste his partner has!"

"Yes, quite refined, Tom."

"Bessie, darling, and I'm afraid you'll have me sick."

"Softly—"Yes."—Syracuse Herald.

Taking No Chances.

Mr. Busy had a hard afternoon's work before him, and as his clock would have him, his friend Smithson had come into the office for an idle chat. Mr. Busy had given him one or two hints to go, but without avail.

"Dear me!" said Busy, who felt that something must be done. "I'm so overwhelmed with work that I scarcely have time to live. If this rush continues, I shall have to engage somebody else to cut my nails for me."

"Now, now," said Smithson, who, like most little men, was a great eater, "that's just my chance. Hire me. I'll do it cheap."

"No, Smithson," answered Busy, "I don't think it would be safe. You know I'm subject to dyspepsia, and I'm afraid you'd have me sick."

"You'd be sick?"

"Yes, my love."

"Softly—"Yes."—Syracuse Herald.

Transferred.



"That fellow Jaxley is a broker, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Has he got any money?"

"Yes, he's got mine."—Life.

It For Fat.

Watts—I never buy from peddlers, because most of them are foreigners.

Potts—I don't see any reason for that.

Watts—I do, because I know if I was selling to a foreigner myself what sort of truck I would stick him with if I could. See?—Indianapolis Journal.

A Lesson From the "Arabian Nights."—Mamma—Did you hear me when I called you to come in?

Tommy—Yes'm.

Mamma—Then why didn't you obey?

Tommy—That book Santa Claus brought me says, "To hear is to obey."—Puck.

Reversed.

Jonny has discovered a curious feature about German-English dialects. He says when a German falls ill he swallows "dier bill," and afterward he says "dier bill."—Hager's Bazaar.



THE LATEST IN HEADWEAR.

This plate represents the latest winter hats and one bonnet. The bonnet is of turquoise blue velvet with silk wings and light blue stripes. The hat on the right is of black beaver, with black rosettes and plumes. That on the left is of dark felt and seal brown plumes, with shaggy of moiré velvet. The bottom picture shows a large Tan of Shantung black velvet, with black plumes.

Window and Table Dressers.

English women are gradually absorbing the entire trade of shop window dressing, an occupation still in the hands of men here, as is the business of table decoration, which in London is usually the work of a woman in the employ of the florist who provides the greens and blossoms necessary. The London decorator finds her efforts very much assisted by the electric light, which is used instead of gas in nearly all the better dwelling houses in the English capital. A very much admired occasion for a dinner party lately was made with a long, low, gilded table, draped with maiden-hair ferns and lilac catheulys, a great lilac bush was placed around the table, and the purple orchids overflowed the basket and trailed among the ribbons.

The table of beautiful old oak, very black and polished, had no tablecloth, as is the fancy now, being veiled only with two long strips of old lace. But the unique feature of the decoration was made possible by the electric chandelier over the table. This had been tapped by six electric wires, which were wound with lilac silk floss, and they furnished the illumination to six little globes of delicate frosted lilac glass that rested their heads among the orchids and gave them the most beautiful, unobscured sort of transparent brilliancy.—American Woman's World.

Helps in Fancy Work.

For some time past manufacturers have made it their constant endeavor to reduce the difficulties of fancy work, especially those sorts requiring the threads and stitches to be counted. Thanks to modern inventions, the workman has scarcely to try her eyes and need only follow the course of a ready marked pattern. We have wool work with colored threads over the canvas, indicative of every shade and figure and small stencils for cross stitch work. But a still greater novelty eclipses all these workers' aids, and further facilitates both cross and other fancy stitches. We refer to fully printed geometrical patterns, alike applicable to various styles of work, and as such certain to find many friends. For cross stitch we have not only lines, but regularly drawn stitches, clearly showing outlines, filling and ground, and despite all the saving of time and trouble in counting etc., these printed covers cost very little more than plain material. Although fine enough to be fully covered by the thread, the printed blue maries do not rub off while working, and every trace disappears after the first washing or cleaning.—Season.

King's Daughters of Damascus.

Straying through the Turkish bazaar one afternoon last summer was a sweet faced woman wearing upon her breast a silver cross tied with a bit of purple ribbon. Suddenly one of the Turkish girls at a booth leaned forward and touched the silver cross and said "Hullo, sister." In quaint adaptation of the American greeting, and then in sweet and broken English she added, "I'm the King's Daughter, too, but I only wear the cross on Sundays for fear I should lose it." And "Where are you from?" eagerly questioned the woman with the silver cross. "From Damascus, the oldest city in the world," answered the Turkish girl.

And "How long have you been here?" still questioned the lady. "Four months." "Are you homesick?" said the lady softly. And the girl answered, "I am very tired."

Further inquiry developed the fact that there were among the people in the Damascus village several members of the order of King's Daughters from Dr. Jessup's school in the far orient.—Chicago Correspondent.

Brazil Knows Her Worth.

Miss Marcia P. Brown, formerly principal of the Maplewood school in Malden, Mass., came home last September, from a five years' absence in Brazil. She was appointed by the Bra-

zilian government to examine the school exhibition at the World's fair and to inquire thoroughly into the workings of the school systems in the United States, Germany, France and Portugal. The purpose of the Brazilian government is to institute a model system of schools in Rio de Janeiro. Miss Brown is a member of the state board of education of Sao Paulo, the only lady that has ever served on the committee. She is the principal of the teachers in the training school at Sao Paulo, appointed by the government when Brazil became a republic in 1889, and while she was interested in missionary work, after two years she gave the missionary work up and accepted the position at the training schools, which she still fills.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Belle Boyd.

Belle Boyd, the rebel spy, famous during the war, has gone on the lecture platform. She is now past 50, and her reddish blond hair has become almost white. She has three children and is divorced from her third husband. She is chiefly remembered from her scheme by which she caused Lieutenant Harding of the Federal army to permit a Confederate officer to escape, after which Harding deserted the Union army and fled to England, where he married Miss Boyd. Afterward both returned and became spies in the Confederate service.—Exchange.

Mrs. Livermore's Disappointment.

Mrs. Livermore gave up a \$200 lecture engagement and traveled all night in order to reach home in time for the recent celebration of the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the Boston tea party by the friends of woman suffrage, but she was too ill to be present. Colonel Higginson, in making this announcement at the meeting, said the incident illustrated not only a woman's self sacrifice, but the value sometimes placed upon a woman's services.—Boston Correspondent.

Beginning Early.

Four-Year-Old Jessie—Darling! There's the door bell again! If it's anybody that wants to see me, Bridget, just tell 'em I ain't at home.—Chicago Tribune.

How Those Girls Love One Another. "Does Miss Hawkins belong to the bean monie?"

"Not exactly. She belongs to the beanless monie."—Truth.

POINTERS.

Over 2,000 tons of snails are annually eaten in Paris.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Ware.

A medical writer estimates that 5 per cent of dog bites results fatally.

The world annually makes and eats 1,940,000 tons of butter and cheese.

The human spleen is an organ which is practically unknown by physicians.

The number 13 cannot be found as a street number in Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

Fires are 5 per cent more numerous in London on Saturday than on any other day in the week.

The remains of a Roman watergate have been unearthed at Naples. There are two openings of 13 feet span.

EIGHT RECORD BEATERS.

The largest city in the world is London, 4,764,312 persons.

The highest waterfall is the Yosemite in California, 2,550 feet.

The largest university is Oxford. It has 21 colleges and 5 halls.

The tallest iron tower is the Eiffel monument at Paris, 960 feet.

The deepest mining shaft is at Przidram, in Bohemia, 3,280 feet deep.

The largest bell in the world is in the Kremlin at Moscow, 432,000 pounds.

The tallest stone tower is the Washington monument at Washington, 555 feet.

The greatest inland sea is the Caspian, which is 700 miles long by 270 in width.—Philadelphia Record.

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